a treat he made me a drink flavored with "Ribena" syrup. Once he bought pineapples and sliced them on the wooden island in the kitchen. I took one and cut into it without first removing the tough skin. He watched me for a moment, then he said "You don't know what you're doing, do you." I bought pineapples in cans. He showed me how to slice fresh ones.

I saved the shopping list that he made for me before he went on his last vacation. Under "Often Used Staples" he listed such items as "bread, milk, salad fixens, fruit, potatoes, juice (breakfast)." He added "2-4 quick meals for weekend staff." Then he must have been distracted, because he wrote a dash but never wrote down the name of the next item beside it.

After the manager's announcement, I lasted through Wednesday but I was failing. The worst part of it was going shopping for the first time since it happened. Shopping was an activity I associated with Adam. Identified is a better word. We were unable to postpone it any longer and still feed the tenants. Nobody even knew how to drive. We had to enlist the services of a caseworker from head office, an outsider. She was very nice, very Anglican, what people call a "good woman." She was fifty, gray-haired, and had a faint mustache. She wore half-glasses around her neck on a chain. She was the worst possible replacement for Adam, who was young and atheistic and would always be. And he was male.

The purple bins were still on the shelf in the pantry. They